



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

JUL
853
14

HN 2FXX .



Jur 853.14
KE3



HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY



A DAY OF PLEASURE

A Simple Story for Young Children.

BY

MRS. HARRIET MYRTLE,

AUTHOR OF "PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY," "HOME AND ITS PLEASURES,"
"THE LITTLE SISTER," &c., &c.



WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY HABLOT K. BROWNE.



London :

ADDEY AND CO., 21, OLD BOND STREET.

MDCCCLIII.

Inv 853.14

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
MRS. ELLEN HAVEN ROSS
JUNE 28, 1938

LONDON:
THOMPSON AND DAVIDSON, PRINTERS,
GREAT ST. HELENS,

CONTENTS.

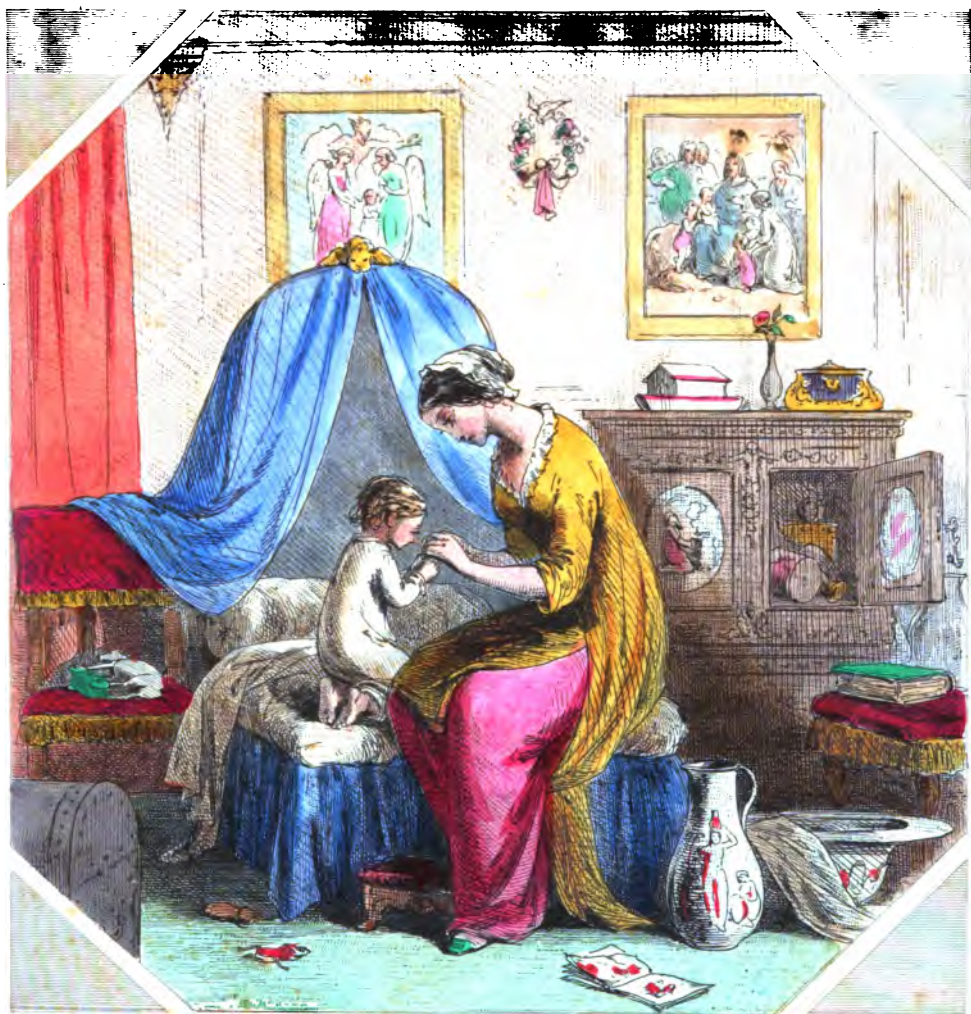


	PAGE
MORNING	1
TRIALS OF TEMPER	19
THINGS MEND	32
THE VISIT	47
HOME AGAIN	55
A HAPPY EVENING	72
PEACEFUL SLEEP.	90
NIGHT	103

ILLUSTRATIONS.



	PAGE
MORNING	1
THE NAUGHTY BOY	26
FIRST MUSIC	46
THE MUSICIAN	52
BO-PEEP	71
GOOD NIGHT	89
PRAYER	102
NIGHT	104



MORNING.

THE grey dawn begins slowly to spread over earth and sky; the stars grow pale, and one by one disappear.

The moon looks like a thin, round, white mist, and sinks towards the west, fading from sight as she sinks.

A streak of bright crimson is seen in the east; the birds awake and sing joyously on hedge and tree.

The crimson in the east grows brighter and beams with golden light; the morning breeze springs up, and rosy clouds float over the clear blue sky.

The glorious sun rises over the green earth; the dew drops glitter on every leaf and every blade of grass; and lake and stream and ocean reflect his flashing rays.

Sheep and cattle can be seen feeding in the meadows and on the hill sides; the trees and woods throw long shadows on the ground.

The sunbeams make the window panes of all the cottages and houses glance like diamonds, and dart in to wake the sleepers.

There is one window into which a sunbeam peeps gently through roses and jasmines and quivering green leaves, and lights up a pretty room. First it tips with silver the harp that an angel holds ; then touches his wings and his face ; then it shows pictures on the wall ; now it reaches a small bed with white curtains, steals inside them and kisses a little sleeping boy.

How fast asleep he is ! There he lies with his head on the pillow breathing peacefully. He has rosy cheeks and curly hair, but his eyes are shut, so we cannot see them yet, and he does not feel the sunbeam nor hear the birds.

The door opens softly. Who is it that comes in so silently in her white dress, with roses in her hand, and leans over the little sleeper with looks of tender love ?

It is his mother. She kisses his cheek fondly ; she strokes his hair ; she says, " Bless you, my little darling," but he sleeps soundly still.

What is she saying now ? She raises her eyes, her lips move, but no one hears what she says, except God. She is praying that her child may grow like a child of God ; that

Jesus Christ may lead him onward to know and serve his Father in Heaven. Little boys and girls, so do your mothers pray for you while you sleep.

She opens the window and lets in the fresh air full of sweet scents of flowers, and the songs of the birds sound louder in the room. As she goes back towards the bed another lady comes in and hides behind the curtain.

“Awake, little boy!” the mother says. “It is morning. Dear Arthur it is your birth-day morning.”

The sleepy little fellow rises up in his bed, shading his eyes with his hands; the first thing he sees is a shower of roses falling round him; then he breathes their scent and the fresh air from the window; then he hears the voice again—“Dear little boy it is your birth-day.”

In a moment his arms are round his mother’s neck, and he is giving her twenty kisses.

“Four years old! Arthur is four years old to-day, and he must grow more and more good as he grows older.”

And she joins his hands together, and he raises his eyes to her eyes, and she whispers words which he repeats, but so softly that we cannot hear them.

“Now, nurse must come and bathe and dress you.”

“Is that nurse behind the curtain?” asked Arthur.

“Jump up and see,” said his mama.

So Arthur jumped out of bed and ran behind it after some one that ran before him.

“I see you. It’s of no use to hide. I shall catch you,” he cried.

But she ran first behind one thing, then behind another, stooping down and covering her face, while he went laughing and stumbling behind, as we do when we first get up in the morning and feel rather sleepy still. At last she hid behind the window curtains, and rolled herself up in them, so that it was a hard matter to get her out.

“Now then, now I shall have you, I shall soon pull it all open,” cried Arthur, working away at the curtain. “It’s you, Aunt Eva, I know it is. Where are you gone to?”

A face peeped out at him far above his head as he spoke, for Aunt Eva had mounted on a chair, and when he thought he had lost her, there she really was at last.

“Many happy returns of the day to you,” said she jumping down.

“Ah, I knew you all the time,” said Arthur. “So you came last night after all. I’m so glad, I’m so glad,” he cried, clapping his hands.

"Yes, I came after you were asleep, and came up to see you, and left a little black and white gentleman to take care of you."

"A little black and white gentleman! What can that mean? Where is he?" cried Arthur.

"Look about; seek and see what you can find," said his mama.

"There's a new picture on the wall. Oh how pretty! A picture of a girl with a pail on her head, and some cows lying on the grass."

"I hung it up last night for you, darling, that you might see it on your birth-day."

"Oh thank you, mama, I like it very much. But there's no black and white gentleman there."

"Look again," said Aunt Eva.

"Am I hot?" asked Arthur.

"No; quite cold; freezing."

"There's another picture, a lovely picture of an angel and two little children. Did you hang that up too, mama?"

"Yes, dear boy, do you like it?"

"Oh yes very much! but there's no black and white gentleman there either. Am I growing warm, Aunty?"

“Yes—now you are hot—take care! you are burning—take care of your fingers!”

“Gee up,” cried Arthur. “Come along little black and white gentleman! Here you are!” and he dragged out a horse on wheels, who had stood all the time peeping out at the bottom of the bed, as if he was looking at Arthur’s ball which lay there.

Arthur ran and kissed his Aunt and thanked her, then seized upon the horse, patted it, cried “Gee up” again, and ran about the room with it very much pleased with his present.

“Now you have a horse,” said his mama, “suppose you set up a cart, and harness him to it, and make him do a little work! Suppose we have another game at hide-and-seek, and see what we can find.”

“I’ve found it, I’ve found it, mama,” cried Arthur, “what a pretty cart! Who sent it to me?”

“It was dear papa who sent it. He cannot come home to us yet, but he sent this to his little Arthur for a birthday present. It is a carrier’s cart you see.”

“Who is this sitting in the front?” said Arthur. “The carrier’s wife I suppose. Wo back! horsey! Come and be harnessed. Wo there!”

"I am afraid, sir, your horse kicks," said Aunt Eva.

"His harness does not quite suit you see," said mama, "but we shall manage presently."

"Now, then, gee up, Smiler," said Arthur.

"Oh his name is Smiler," said Aunt Eva laughing.

"Yes, that's the real carrier's horse's name. I heard him say it when he came yesterday," Arthur replied.

"Here comes nurse to wash and dress you at last," said his mama, "so good bye for the present."

Aunt Eva went away, but Arthur so begged of his mama to stay with him while he was dressed this morning, because it was his birth-day, that she sat down in the chair by his bed, and talked to him all the time, and while he was having his hair brushed he asked her to tell him the story of the pictures on the wall.

"The girl with the pail on her head," said his mama, "is a dairymaid. She lives at a large house behind the trees; there are several servants besides her, but her duty is to attend to the cows, to milk them, make the butter and cheese, feed the pigs, take care of the chickens, and keep the dairy and the hen-houses very clean and nice."

"Just like Jessie our dairymaid," said Arthur.

"She has to get up very early in the morning to milk—

you can see in the picture that the sun has just risen, and there she goes across the dewy grass. When she went to bed at night she said to herself, 'I must be up at five o'clock for to-morrow is churning morning. There is not a bit of butter fit for Missus's breakfast I know.' So just as the clock struck five she got up, dressed, took her pail on her head, and there she goes."

"And where is her little stool to sit on, mama?"

"Oh! she keeps that in the field, and she will find it as she goes on, hung on the railing."

"Just like Jessie again," said Arthur.

"Well, she milks the cows one after another till the pail is quite full of rich frothing milk."

"I want to see the cows milked," cried Arthur.

"You shall go to-morrow if you can get up at five, and ask the dairymaid in the picture to take you."

"I do believe this is the true story of Jessie you are telling me. It is! That is our own field and the trees, and there's Spotty lying down, and Brownie by her. Now tell me what Jessie does next."

"She goes into the nice, cool, clean dairy, with the green leaves dancing outside the wire-work window, and she places three empty pans on the broad stone shelf, and

strains the new milk into them. Then she says, 'Master Arthur shall have a good jug of this milk for his breakfast,' so she fills a white jug for him. Next she skims the cream off a pan that she set last night and fills a glass jug with it."

"That is for dear mama and Aunt Eva," said Arthur.

"Then she skims all the rest of the pans and pours the cream into the churn, and some more too that she has standing in a high cream pot, and she begins to turn the handle of the churn slowly and regularly round and round."

"I want to see Jessie churn, mama."

"So you shall, the next morning she makes butter."

"Go on, and tell me more, mama," said Arthur.

"After Jessie has turned the handle about half an hour, she hears a splashing sound inside the churn, and feels something stiff and heavy against her hand, so she looks in and there she sees that the cream is changed into rich yellow butter, swimming in butter-milk. So she takes out the butter and puts it in clean cold water, and pours the butter-milk into the pig's pail. Then Jessie is so busy. She has to beat up the butter with wooden spoons to squeeze all the butter-milk out of it, and to make it up into pretty pats, and to wash the churn, and to portion out the

skim-milk, some for use in the house, some to little girls that come with their cans to take it home to their mothers, some that has stood longest, to the pigs ; and then she has to clean the pans, and wash down the dairy, and feed the pigs and chickens ; and then at last she goes in to her own breakfast very hungry, and I am sure she deserves a good one, does she not ?”

“ Then I may go and see her and help her, may I mama ?”

Arthur’s mama promised to let him, and it was agreed that Jessie should call him next morning as soon as she got up, that he might be in time, and nurse said she would get up too and bathe and dress him as quick as lightning, that he might not keep Jessie waiting.

Arthur was dressed now, so his mama took him on her knee to tell him the story of the other picture, which hung at the head of his bed.

“ Those two little children,” said she, “ had no father nor mother to take care of them ; no house to live in ; no kind friends to love them. They wandered about together all day, and lay down to sleep on the cold ground when night came. Their clothes were in rags. Sometimes good people who saw them and pitied them, gave them food, but sometimes they had nothing to eat and were very hungry.”

“Poor little children,” said Arthur. “Oh, poor little children !”

“One evening they felt cold, and hungry and tired, and one of them said, ‘Let us lie down and die!’ But the other said, ‘Let us go on a little further. Perhaps some one will take pity on us.’ As he said so a bright angel came and put his arm round one and took the other by the hand. They did not see the angel nor know that he led them, but they went on exactly in the way he pleased. At last they came to a gate and stopped to look in. Inside the gate was a pleasant garden, with a neat white house in it, and in the garden there were a great number of happy children at play.

“As the two poor little strangers looked in at the gate, several of the children within stopped their play and gathered near, looking at them with pitying eyes. No one saw the angel, but he was still there. Presently, several of the children in the garden ran to the house and went in, and after a few minutes came out again with a kind looking gentleman, whom they led up to the gate.

“‘Look at them, dear master,’ they cried. ‘See how pale, and thin, and ragged they are! Let them come in and live with us.’”

“I hope he will, mama,” said Arthur.

“‘Gladly would I take them in,’ he replied, ‘but we have no beds to spare for them. How can we manage to lodge them?’

“‘I will give up my bed,’ cried one, ‘and sleep on the floor. I can sleep quite well so, and one of them shall have my bed.’

“‘And the other shall have mine,’ cried another voice : ‘And mine, and mine ! We will take it by turns to sleep on the floor,’ cried many voices.

“‘But we have no clothes for them ! How can we clothe them?’ asked the master.

“‘I have some I can spare, cried one. ‘So have I, and I ! Oh we shall easily dress them among us !’ exclaimed many voices.

“‘But we have only food enough for ourselves, and I have no money to buy more. How can we feed them?’

“‘I have always more than I want,’ cried one. ‘I will give some of mine,’ cried another, ‘and I, and I,’ cried one voice after another.

“‘Then the master opened the gate, and told the poor little children with a smile to come in, and as they went in the angel rose in the air and was gone.’”

This story pleased Arthur more even than Jessie. He sat some time on his mama's knee talking about it, and asking questions about the children, and about what the master would teach them, and how they would live and go on in the white house. Then he asked his mama if she painted these beautiful pictures herself, and she told him that she did, and that she would give him some more that she had painted for him, so that whenever he looked round his room he should see something that would give him good and happy thoughts. Arthur said he wanted to see these pictures directly.

"No," his mama replied; "you shall see them in good time. These two are enough for this morning, and I must not stay any longer talking to my dear little Arthur, for poor baby will begin to cry soon if I leave him so long."

"Oh, don't go yet, mama, stay with me a little longer," cried Arthur.

"But you would not like me to stay with you if it made baby cry, would you, Arthur?" said his mama, looking at him gravely.

Arthur sat silent, hardly knowing what he felt, but certainly thinking more of himself, and his wish to keep his mama all to himself, than of poor baby and what he

might wish for, when suddenly a voice was heard outside the window calling—

“Does not Mr. Civility, the carrier, live here?”

“Yes, ma’am,” cried Arthur, starting up and shouting as loud as he could. “What do you please to want?”

“I have a parcel to send by him, and if he is sure that he can deliver it carefully he shall have it.”

“My wife, who sits inside, ma’am,” said Arthur, still shouting as he prepared to carry cart, horse, and all down stairs to the garden; “My wife will take care of your parcel. She is very careful, I assure you.”

By this time Arthur had got his horse under one arm, while both hands held his cart which, in this way, stood up in front of his face and prevented his seeing before him. He bustled on towards the door, however, as well as he could, but he stumbled over a stool, and down he went.

“I hope no damage has been done either to your cart or horse, sir?” cried his mama, running to help him up.

“I don’t think so,” said Arthur, after looking at his wheels and his horse’s head, which had had a severe thump, so that it shook a little as he felt it. “But what has become of my poor wife?”

They both looked about everywhere for her, but it was

some time before they could find her. Meanwhile the customer outside grew impatient.

"I must go to another carrier, sir," cried the voice, "I am quite tired of waiting."

"Do stop a minute, Aunt Eva, for I know it is you," cried Arthur, running to the window. "Stop the game for a minute till I have found my wife, for we all tumbled down, and I knocked my knee so that I cannot crawl about very fast."

His mama rubbed his hurt knee a little, and then they looked again for his lost wife, and at last his mama saw her under the cupboard where he kept his playthings, and pulled her out.

"I am sorry, however, to tell you, sir," she said, "that your wife has broken off the tip of her nose."

Arthur looked at his poor wife quite sadly. Before this unlucky tumble she was very pretty, but now she looked ugly.

"Do you think if we could find the tip of her nose we could stick it on with glue?" he asked.

His mama said she thought it could be done, and that she would ask nurse to look for it when she swept the room. Meanwhile she should advise that he should leave

the poor little woman at home, as it could not be right to let her go in the cart, in her wounded condition. He had better, therefore, she thought, take charge of the parcels himself, and perhaps when he came home at night his wife would be cured.

Arthur thought this would be the best way, and to prevent any other misfortunes, his mama carried the cart down stairs for him, while he took charge of Smiler, and then left him in the garden with Aunt Eva, who stood waiting with a little brown paper parcel, nicely tied up and sealed. It was directed to "Baby, to be delivered about half-an-hour after breakfast."

"Harness your horse sir, and let me see you put this parcel safely in the cart, if you please."

The horse was soon in, and Arthur, taking the parcel, asked if he might open it and see what was in it.

"I never heard of such a thing," said Aunt Eva. "Carriers never open the parcels they take charge of. Your poor wife, if she had been here, would never have asked me that."

"Very likely," said Arthur, "because she never talks at all; but she has broken the tip off her nose, and cannot come. Well, I will not want to see till I take it to baby, so there it is in the cart."

Just as he had placed it safely, nurse came to say that his breakfast was ready.

“I do not want any breakfast this morning,” said Arthur; “I am playing at carrier, and cannot go in.”

“But,” said Aunt Eva, “carriers always go to breakfast at the right time. They leave their carts standing in a shed or yard, and the people who want parcels taken, bring them and put them down near the carts; then when the carriers come out again, they find all manner of boxes, baskets, and different things, and they pack them in their carts, and set off on their rounds with them.”

Arthur looked quite pleased at this idea.

“Then, will you put some parcels and boxes by my cart,” said he, “and let us pretend that people have brought them. Suppose that we make believe that the summer-house is the carrier’s shed, and stand the cart and horse there, and the parcels can be put on the seat. Nurse, you will just let me drive my cart to the summer-house, will you?”

Nurse said she would wait for that; so as Aunt Eva thought this would do very nicely, Arthur drove off to the summer-house, and left his horse and cart there; then ran and picked a handfull of grass, which he pretended was

hay, for his horse to eat while he stood waiting. This he put on the ground, under Smiler's mouth; then, quite satisfied with all the arrangements, he went capering and jumping to nurse, and took hold of her hand to go to breakfast, calling out to his aunt,—

“Put as many parcels as you can, Aunt Eva dear, if you will not think it too much trouble.”



TRIALS OF TEMPER.

WHEN Arthur had finished his breakfast he ran to the summer-house, longing to see his parcels. He was not disappointed, for his kind Aunt Eva had not forgotten him.

He found a very small basket, fastened up with ties of string, and a card tied to the handle ; a little box nailed up with small tacks ; a little sack made of brown holland, just like a sack of potatoes or flour ; and another paper parcel. He put them all into the cart except the sack, but that would not go in for want of room, so he had to take them all out again, and found that now they went in quite well ; but as he began dragging Smiler along, he recollected that he did not know where he was to take all these things, nor to whom they belonged ; so he was obliged to take them out once more, to look at them, and see if he could find out. They were directed in large letters like print, but

then, though Arthur knew his letters, he could not read words without help, so that he could not make out these directions. He sat down on the ground, spelling them over, but in vain ; he could not find out the names. He ran in, therefore, to look for his Aunt Eva, and ask her to come and help him, but in the lobby he met nurse, who told him that his aunt and his mama were at breakfast, and he must not go in and disturb them.

“Then you come, nurse,” said Arthur, “to the summer-house, and help me to read the directions on my parcels.”

But nurse said that she was very busy sweeping his room, and had not time.

“Have you found the tip of the nose,” asked he.

“Not yet,” she replied, and ran up stairs.

“I suppose,” thought Arthur, “it never will be found, and I shall never be able to pack my cart, nor anything that is nice ;” and he began to kick a stone before him, and to whip the leaves with a stick, and to feel very cross.

“What’s amiss, Master Arthur ?” said the gardener, who was raking a bed close by.

“Why John,” said Arthur, “you see I have got a horse and cart.”

“I saw them in the summer-house, and very handsome

they are," said John. "I don't see why you should look so dull-like about that."

"Oh! it's not that, John. Only I wanted to play at being a carrier, and I cannot read the directions on my parcels, and nobody will help me."

"If that's all," said John, good naturedly, "I'll come myself and read them for you."

Arthur thanked him, and recovering his good humour in a moment, led him to the summer-house.

"This little basket is directed 'For Mama,' " said John.

"There, put it by baby's," said Arthur, "I'm so glad there's one for mama."

"This sack is for Master Arthur."

Oh, let me see what is in it," cried Arthur.

John began untying the string, but, on second thoughts, Arthur determined to wait till all the rest had their parcels, for it would be much more fun to pretend his had come by the carrier too, instead of opening it all alone here; so in it went too. It rattled as if it was full of stones, but it was impossible to guess what was in it.

"This parcel is for Jessie," said John.

"For Jessie! Now what can that be? And is this box for nurse, for the word begins with N."

“Yes, this little box is for nurse.”

“Now they are all in,” said Arthur, “does it not look nice, John? I shall go and take the parcels to all the people directly.”

He set off accordingly. It was difficult to get out of the summer-house with his loaded cart; but he moved it carefully and managed very well, and then ran with all his might along the walk, for he felt quite impatient to begin unloading and taking the things to their owners. Unluckily, however, in turning a corner, Smiler fell flat on his side, and in getting him up, the cart was upset.

Arthur felt full of troubles, but he set to work to put it all to rights again. The sack had tumbled out, and he had everything to move a third time to make it go in properly; but at last, when he had finished, he could not help thinking the cart was not as full as at first, so he unloaded it again, and missed Jessie's parcel. It must have dropped out somewhere. He looked all about, crawling under bushes, and scratching his hands and face, but could not find it; so he had to walk back nearly all the way to the summer-house, and there at last he found it lying on the walk. He set off again towards his cart, put in the parcel, and once more all right, drove up to the house, and into

the lobby, and stopped at the drawing-room door. He thought his mama must have done breakfast long ago, and must be in there now, so he knocked and called out very loud—

“A parcel for you by the carrier ma’am, if you please!”

No one answered. He knocked and called again, but still there was no answer.

“Is not mama here?” he asked, as nurse came down stairs at this instant.

“Hush, hush! Master Arthur; don’t make such a horrible noise,” said she, “I came to look for you, and tell you not to go to her, and to be very quiet, for she does not feel very well, and has gone to lie down, in her own room, for an hour.”

“Then I must not go to mama for a whole hour!” said Arthur. “Very well, nurse.”

Arthur might have taken the opportunity to give nurse her parcel, but he felt out of humour with her, because she had told him he must not go to his mama, so he thought he would go first to find Jessie.

He drove round the walks and under the trees, to the dairy, but the door was locked, so he had to go to the kitchen window, and ask the cook where Jessie was.

"Jessie is gone to market, Master Arthur," said the cook, "and will not be back for an hour."

"How tiresome!" said Arthur to himself, and he stood for some time near the window, thinking it was of no use to try to play, and that everybody was cross, and everything dull. At last he thought of his Aunt Eva, and that she might perhaps be in the drawing room now, and would certainly play with him until he could go to his mama; so he put Smiler in motion once more, and dragged his cart back to the house, and in at the drawing room window, which was open. His Aunt Eva was sitting at a table, writing.

"Do come and play with me, Aunt Eva," he said.

"Not now, dear," she replied, "I am writing a letter."

"Do, Aunt Eva," he went on, in a peevish tone.

"Arthur!" said she, holding her pen in her hand, "I think it very strange that you cannot amuse yourself alone for a little while, particularly after my leaving all the parcels for you."

"I know," said he, "but—"

"I think you are very ungrateful, Arthur," she continued.

"No I'm not," he answered, almost crying, "I love you very much, and I like them very much!—only—"

“Go away Arthur. You are very troublesome, and I must have quiet to write my letter.”

Arthur turned to go away. It was true, he must have seemed very troublesome and ungrateful, but then his aunt did not know all the trials his temper had gone through. He did not care for his cart nor his parcels, nor any more play now. He unharnessed Smiler and carried him away, hardly knowing what he was about, and went up stairs to his mama's door, where he sat down, and remained working himself up into a very bad humour.

“Nasty Smiler!” he muttered, shaking the poor horse by the neck, “I don't care! I'm not ungrateful! Aunt Eva is very unkind; I could not play by myself, nor give the parcels, nor do anything that I wanted; but I don't care!” and he shook Smiler again, and then pushed him away.

“What can you be sitting there for, Master Arthur?” said the housemaid, who passed.

Arthur made no answer, but gave Smiler a thump.

“You must not sit there, Master Arthur,” said nurse, who had heard what the housemaid said, and came out of the nursery towards him.

“I *will* sit here,” cried Arthur, with another thump.

Just then his mama rung her bell, and nurse answered it. Coming out after a little while, she told Arthur he was to go in.

Arthur rose and walked in, pulling his horse after him. He had intended to run to his mama, throw his arms round her neck, ask her to take him on her knee, tell her all his griefs, and beg her to help him to be good; but she was nursing baby.

At this sight, all his desire to be once more happy and good, changed into jealousy and rage. He seized Smiler's head so violently, that it broke off and fell on the floor. He stamped his foot; cried "I hate baby!" and stood silent and scowling.

"Oh, Master Arthur!" said nurse, who still stood at the door, "what a naughty boy you are!"

But Arthur's mama looked up, and told nurse to go and leave him. He continued to stand in the same spot.

Aunt Eva now opened the door, looked in, and said she was going out for a few hours.

"Oh Arthur!" cried she, "I did not think you would so soon have broken the pretty horse I gave you. What a naughty boy you are;" so saying, she went away.

Arthur could bear it no longer. He burst into a pas-



sionate fit of crying, and threw himself on the floor. He sobbed, he almost screamed, he beat and kicked the floor with his hands and feet. Sometimes, when he was a little quieter, he thought he heard a gentle voice speak to him, but he would not hear it; he cried louder than before, that he might not. At last he stopped, and began to think why he was lying there, and what was the matter with him.

He was quiet for a good while, except that he sobbed every now and then, and he listened, in hopes his mama would speak again, but she did not; everything was quite silent, and so it continued for a long time, at least it seemed so to Arthur. Then he began to think to himself, "What a miserable boy I am! I shall never be happy any more! What a wretched birth-day! Nobody will love me any more! I wonder why I was so angry! Mama could not help feeling ill; and Jessie must go to market, and Aunt Eva must write her letter; and I don't hate baby, I love him very much. But then, nurse was very unkind, and mama does not love me now! and he began to feel angry again.

He raised his head slowly, and looked towards the part of the room where his mama had been sitting. There she was still, and her eyes were fixed on him with such an

expression in them, that he could not help looking at her. She looked at him with very mournful eyes, as if she pitied him very much because he was behaving so badly, and yet as if she loved him very much. Baby lay on her lap, quietly sleeping.

. Arthur looked at her till his tears blinded him, and then sobbed out "Mama! Mama!"—he wanted to say a great deal, but the words would not come.

"Come to me, Arthur," said his mama.

So Arthur got up as quickly as he could and ran to her, still sobbing, and laid his head in her lap, and cried very bitterly. She put her arm round him, and then he felt a little hand patting his cheek, and when he looked round he saw baby's large grave eyes fixed on him.

Oh baby, dear baby, dear little brother!" he cried, with the tears still running down his face, "I do not hate you, indeed I do not, I love you very much," and he kissed baby, who began to smile and make his little sounds, as if in answer; and his mama kissed him.

"Do take me up now, mama," he said.

"I cannot, till nurse is ready to take baby," she replied. "You can run about, and play, and hear stories, and talk and tell us what you want, but baby is weak and helpless;

he cannot do without constant care. You would not like me to put him down to take you up?"

"No, but I want so much that you should soon take me up."

"Four years ago you were a little helpless baby, and then I nursed you and had you on my lap for hours and hours. Once, when you were ill, I had you in my arms all night and all day—but now you do not require this, and besides you must think of what baby wants, not always of what you want."

"I know, mama, I want to be kind to him."

"You must try to be a good brother to him. Oh, how grieved I should be if when he is old enough to observe, he were to see you do as you have done this morning. Would it not be a sad example to set him?"

"I wish I could be good, mama," he said, "but I am so very unhappy, and everybody is so unkind to me."

His mama asked him to tell her what had happened to him, and what was the reason he thought everyone unkind, and he told her, as well as he could, all his troubles of the morning—but as he went on he could not help feeling very much ashamed of himself, for after all it did not seem as if there had been any reason to be angry.

“And where are all these nice parcels,” said his mama, “that dear Aunt Eva gave you?”

“In the cart, down stairs,” replied Arthur; “and look at Smiler,” he added, pointing sorrowfully to the poor horse, without a head.

“What a pity!” said his mama.

“What *shall* I do!” said Arthur. “It was such a pretty horse; and then, Aunt Eva—kind Aunt Eva—what will she say. She did see it was broken, and she is very angry with me. I wish I had not done it.”

“Perhaps I could mend it,” said his mama.

“Oh! if you could, mama!” said Arthur, brightening up, “how happy I should be!”

“Will you try if you can hold baby, while I examine poor Smiler. Sit down on this little stool, and I will place him on your lap; should you like to have him?”

Arthur was seated in a moment and held out his arms, proud and delighted to be trusted with his little brother, and impatient to do anything he possibly could to be useful to him, and to shew how he loved him. His mama placed the little creature carefully and safely in his arms, and baby seemed quite contented there. He crowed and patted Arthur’s cheeks and pulled his hair, and Arthur kissed him

and held him fast, and began to feel as if he should perhaps be happy again.

“I think,” said his mama, after looking at Smiler for a little while, “that I can mend this poor horse’s neck with glue.”

Arthur looked very glad when he heard this, and said that if it could be done before Aunt Eva came home he should be very happy. So his mama rang the bell, and when nurse came asked her to go and heat the glue in her little glue pot and bring it.

“If you please, ma’am,” said nurse, taking a piece of paper out of her pocket, and showing a very small thing inside it, “Is not this the tip of the doll’s nose?”

“I really believe it is,” said mama.

“Oh!” cried Arthur, “that is very lucky. Then perhaps you will mend the nose at the same time that you stick on Smiler’s head, mama.”

His mama said she would, and that if nurse would make haste with the glue she could take baby from Arthur, and he could assist in doctoring both the poor wounded horse and Mrs. Civility.

THINGS MEND.

WHEN nurse came back with the glue, and took baby to dress him, and take him out for a little while in the fresh air on this fine sunny day, Arthur and his mama went down to the drawing-room and set to work to mend Smiler. First they scraped all the old dry glue off his body and his neck. Then Arthur held the neck while his mama put fresh glue on it with her little brush, and then she fitted it in exactly as it was before.

When Arthur saw it stand up in its right position, and Smiler looking as well and pretty as ever, he clapped his hands for joy, and seizing the string began to pull him on for a good gallop round the room, but his mama stopped him.

“You must not on any account move Smiler to-day,” said she, “more than you can possibly help. The glue will

not dry for several hours, and as long as it is wet his head may drop off at any moment."

"Then," said Arthur, looking very sad, "can I not play with him all day, nor take him out in the cart?"

"No," his mama said: "it will never do to play with him all day."

"I wish I had not broken him," said Arthur.

"I wish so too," said his mama, sighing. "But as you did so very wrongly and foolishly, my dear little boy, you must take the consequences. If we do wrong, we are quite sure to suffer for it."

"Where shall we put him, to be very safe, dear mama?" said Arthur, almost in a whisper.

"Suppose you put him in that corner, behind the stool: no one will touch him there; and I think, to make him still safer, I will bind up his neck a little. Bring me my workbox."

So Arthur brought the workbox, and his mama took out some tape, and bound it tightly round and round the broken neck; and when she thought it was safe, Arthur carried poor Smiler to the corner, and put him gently and carefully down behind the stool. He stopped for a moment looking at the pretty horse, and wiped his eyes as he turned away.

"Now we had better attend to your poor wife's broken nose," said his mama, as he came back to her.

"Oh, yes! so we must," replied Arthur. "She is up stairs, is she not, mama?"

His mama told him where to find her, and he ran up and presently returned with her. Then his mama put a little glue on the small tip of the nose that nurse had found, and fixed it on the face. It stuck very well; but as Arthur looked at it, he did not seem quite satisfied with it.

"This brown mark all round the crack does not look well, mama," said he. "People never have such a mark on their noses."

His mama said it was a great pity, but she did not know how to help it. She scraped it, and wiped it, but still this mark would show.

"I think," she said, "we had better try to stick it with strong gum; for that is white, and perhaps will not make any mark."

So she pulled the piece off again, but it was difficult to make the glue come quite off; so she had to ring for some warm water, which made it quite clean. Then she stuck the piece on with gum; and this time no brown mark was to be seen.

"But, mama," said Arthur, "I think it does not look such a pretty nose now : it goes to one side, like John's."

"Does John's go to one side?" said his mama, laughing.

"Yes; I saw it this morning, when he was reading the directions on my parcels."

"I see I have not put on the tip quite straight," said she. "I must pull it off again."

"Take care, mama, take care: I am afraid it will be quite spoiled," said Arthur.

She pulled off the tip of the nose; but it was so sticky with gum and with the wet varnish which had been melted with the hot water, that it stuck to her fingers; and in trying to take it off again, it fell down. They both looked for it, and Arthur crept about the carpet searching—but all in vain.

"What can have become of it?" he cried, sitting on the floor, and looking up very pitifully at his mama. "I wish I had not minded the brown mark—it would have done pretty well so; and now it is quite spoiled."

"I see it—sticking to your shoe!" said his mama. "Here it is, once more. Now let us try to put it on well this time!"

"It is quite straight now, mama," said Arthur, looking

at it. "But it does not look smooth and pretty, like the rest,—it is so white and rough; and here is a little bit of hair sticking to it."

"The varnish has come quite off, with all our washings and scrapings," said his mama. "Perhaps I could paint it!"

Arthur seemed very much comforted with this idea; and she brought out her palette, and began to mix some white and red paint, to do it with.

"Take care not to make it too red, mama," said Arthur; "I do not think a red nose is at all pretty."

"But," said his mama, "if Mrs. Civility went out on frosty mornings in the cart, she would certainly have a red nose."

"Perhaps she would, mama; but still I think I would rather have it white."

"Well, I will do my best to make it a very pretty colour," said his mama; and she painted it very nicely, and laid the colour on over the join so well that it scarcely showed at all. Arthur was now perfectly satisfied with it. It was necessary, however, to leave the little woman quietly on a table near Smiler; for the paint was wet, and the gum not thoroughly dry, so it was impossible to put her in the cart again yet.

Just as Arthur had seated Mrs. Civility on the table, leaning against a set of books very firmly, for fear she should fall forwards on her face and spoil the new paint, there was a ring at the gate, and immediately afterwards Aunt Eva's voice was heard in the lobby.

"Oh! mama," cried Arthur, running to her, "I am so ashamed to see Aunt Eva,—she must be angry with me still. What shall I do? Let me hide behind you;—and tell her, will you, mama, that I am trying to be more good?"

"Here is a little boy who is very sorry that he has behaved ill, and wants his aunt Eva to forgive him." Arthur heard his mama say this, and then he felt himself lifted off the ground, and found he was on his aunt Eva's lap, with his arms round her neck.

"I am very sorry, Aunt Eva," he whispered.

She dried his eyes, kissed him, called him her dear little fellow, and said he must try to be happy and merry again.

"Come and look at Smiler," said he, leading her to the corner of the room. "We have done the best we could for him, you see."

Oh! yes," she replied: "he will look as well as ever again."

"But then I must not play with him any more to-day,

for fear his head should tumble off. It's a great pity, but it's all my own fault, you know."

"Do you know that I have brought somebody home with me to-day?" said she, "somebody you will like very much to see."

"Who is it that you have brought?"

"What would you say if dear cousin Annie should be up stairs?"

"Is she?—where is she?" cried Arthur, starting off towards the door. But as he reached it, it opened, and a little girl of about nine years old came in.

There was a very happy meeting. Arthur was very fond of her; for though she was so much older than he was, she was so good-natured, that she liked to play with him and amuse him. They were soon in full talk. Annie had brought him a donkey for his birth-day present, which he liked very much. It was set on wheels like Smiler, and could be drawn about; and it looked very funny, with its long ears. Arthur could not help, however, thinking how nice it would have been if Smiler had been safe and sound, to stand them side by side; or perhaps to harness the donkey in front of him, and let them both draw the cart.

"Aunt Eva gave me a beautiful horse," he said, "but

I broke him. It was a great pity; but we hope he will be quite mended by to-morrow. Come and look at him, Annie."

Annie thought Smiler very pretty, and hoped he would be safe to go out again to-morrow.

"But," said aunt Eva, "I thought that the carrier's cart would have arrived by this time. Is it possible that no parcels have yet been delivered? There were some for this house, I am certain."

Arthur's mama declared she had not received any.

"How is it, sir," said aunt Eva, "that you do not deliver your parcels? You had your cart loaded in good time—that I know.

Arthur had nearly forgotten his cart and his nice parcels, that had made him so happy in the morning; for he had been so full of troubles and sorrows that, those pleasant thoughts had flown away. But when he heard Aunt Eva's words he recollected all about them, and turned round towards her, with his merry face again ready for fun and play.

"Why, ma'am," said he, "my horse has met with a bad accident."

"That is no excuse at all," said she. "You might manage somehow, if you were to try."

“I shall think about it, ma’am. But really, Aunt Eva, though—what shall I do?”

“Suppose we pretend this is the carrier’s yard,” said Annie, who had been looking at the cart which stood at the end of the room where Arthur left it before he went up stairs. “Let us say that you have put your cart up in the yard, and that you mean to unload it, and carry the parcels to the different people on your back.”

“So we can,” said Arthur. “Now then, help me up with this basket, directed to mama. Take care!—I hope it is not too heavy.”

“It seems to me, carrier,” said Aunt Eva, “that you have a donkey standing idle there.”

“Yes, I have, ma’am,” said Arthur.

“Why should not he draw the cart? It would be a great deal better than your carrying those great heavy parcels on your back: you may break the things, perhaps—who knows?”

“Do let us try to harness the donkey! What shall his name be?” said Arthur.

“Jonathan,” said Annie. “How will that do?”

“Come on, Jonathan,” cried Arthur. “I am not sure whether he understands ‘Gee up’ and ‘Gee wo’ like a horse.”

“No, I really do not believe he does,” said Aunt Eva.

“At any rate, sir, you can stand still to be harnessed,” said Annie.

But it was no easy matter to harness him—not because he would not stand, for he stood looking as grave and quiet as possible; but he was so small that he did not fit the cart well. When they fastened him to the shafts, all his four feet would go up in the air quite off the ground; and if they made his feet touch the ground, the hind wheels of the cart were raised up. At last Annie contrived to make him do very well: she put him between the shafts, but did not pull them down to his sides;—she tied strings to them, and then fastened these strings round his body. When she had finished, Arthur gave him a pull, and found that he drew the cart after him famously. So now all was ready to go the round, and they determined to go first in search of Jessie. But Arthur dragged Jonathan towards his mama before setting off, that she might see how well he went.

“I am very glad, carrier, that you have come at last,” cried she, as he drove up to her side; “I have expected a basket for several hours. You have a small basket directed for me, I think.”

“I have, ma’am,” replied Arthur; “but my horse has

broken his neck, and I could not come sooner. He will be well by to-morrow I hope, however."

"You ought to have contrived to come, somehow. If your poor wife were with you, she would not have been so late."

"My wife has had an accident too: she has broken her nose; but she will be well to-morrow I hope, also."

"You seem very unfortunate indeed, carrier."

"But you see, ma'am, my donkey Jonathan does pretty well; and he is going the rounds with me instead of my poor horse."

"Well, let me have my basket, if you please."

Arthur began to search in his cart, and soon brought out the little basket, which he gave to his mama.

"What is there to pay, carrier?" she asked. Arthur had not thought of this, and whispered to Annie,

"What am I to say?"

"You had better say a shilling," she replied, also in a whisper.

"A shilling, ma'am, if you please," said Arthur.

His mama handed him a little shell, and told him that was his payment, and that he had better put it safe into his pocket, which he did, and turned to drive on, but stopped and said—

“Will you open the basket, mama? I do so want to know what is in it.”

His mama untied the string, and found inside a piece of silver paper, nicely folded. She then opened it, and found a ring made of hair.

“Whose hair is this, I wonder?” said she holding it very near Arthur’s face. “I think I know! I think it is very like my little Arthur’s; and that dear Aunt Eva has had it plaited into a ring for me, and gives it to me to-day, because it is his birthday.”

“You are right,” said Aunt Eva. I cut off one of his curls one night when he was asleep, to make it of, and I want his mama to wear it always; and when he sees it on her finger he will think of his birthday, and will say to himself, “I will make my mama happier and happier every birthday, if I can, by growing more like what she wants me to be.”

Arthur only answered by throwing his arms round his mama’s neck, and kissing her. Then he looked at the ring.

“Oh! how pretty it is! let me put it on your finger, mama. It fits exactly;—look at it, Aunt Eva! Now let the game go on.

Nurse appeared at the window at that moment, with baby in her arms.

“Oh, come in, ma’am, pray,” said Arthur. “The carrier has a parcel for you, and another directed for Baby; and I think that must mean the young gentleman you have in your arms.”

Nurse laughed and said, “Dear me! well, I never heard anything like that!”

“If you will lay him in his mama’s lap, ma’am,” said Arthur, “I will find the things. Help me with the parcels, Annie, will you? You see this young girl has come out with me instead of my poor wife.”

Nurse, still laughing, laid baby in his mama’s lap; and Arthur, after giving him a kiss, put his parcel into his hand. Baby grasped it very tight, began to knock it against Arthur’s face, then against his own, and then tried to put in his mouth, but it was too large.

“The carrier must untie this parcel himself,” said mama.

“Yes, and we must say there is nothing to pay, because you know, mama, baby cannot pay anything. Now then, here comes the string off; it is a rattle, I declare! just the thing for baby.”

Arthur rattled away, and amused the baby for a long time with his new toy, and baby crowed and kicked, and showed that he liked it very much.

"But," said Annie, "nurse has never had her parcel yet."

"Oh no, I had quite forgotten," said Arthur, running to his cart; here is a box directed for nurse. A shilling to pay, if you please, ma'am."

"If nurse has no change, I will lend her some," said mama, and she put another pretty little shell into her hand, and told her that was the carrier's money. Arthur put it in his pocket, and then gave her the little box, which on being unfastened, was found to contain a pink pincushion, and nurse said she liked it very much.

Arthur then took out his little sack, and looked first at it, and then at his Aunt Eva, who said she thought the carrier had a very good right to open that himself. He untied it, therefore, and found it was full of marbles; "the very things I wanted," cried he, "Frank promised to teach me to play, and I had none. Thank you, Aunt Eva, for them."

"Do you know," said his mama, that Annie wants to take you home with her to dinner, and you are to call for Frank at his school on the way; should you like to go?"

Arthur liked very much to go, and said he would take his marbles with him, but that he must deliver Jessie's

parcel first. So he set off to the dairy with his cart, leaving Annie to play with baby, and amuse him with the rattle meanwhile, and presently returned with his empty cart. He said he had found Jessie, who liked her parcel very much, for it had a blue ribbon in it, but when he asked her to pay, she only laughed, and at last gave him a glass full of new milk, and asked if that would do, so he was obliged to be content.





THE VISIT.

It was time to get ready to go home with Annie. The cart was safely put up in the corner, near Smiler, with chairs placed so as to enclose it in a square space, which was to be the carrier's yard; as to Jonathan, he was allowed to stand on the green carpet near, and as this was to be called the common, he was very well off, for the grass was good, and he might look about for some thistles if he liked. When all this was arranged, and Arthur had been dressed, the pony carriage came round, and he and Annie set out together.

Annie's brother Frank was seven, and therefore much older than Arthur, and besides, he had been at school for a whole year, so he felt himself too much of a man to play at such games as Arthur liked, but he was very full of fun, and was goodnatured, and ready to teach any new games, and

Arthur looked up to him as to somebody that was very wise and clever. But Annie had another brother, Johnny, who was only five, and he and Arthur were very great friends. Johnny, however, had been away from home on a visit for some time. He was expected back this very day, and a great deal of the talk in the pony carriage was about him. Arthur asked Annie at least six times, whether she thought he would have come by the time they arrived, or whether he would come at any rate before four o'clock, when the pony carriage was to be at the door to take him back.

They stopped at Frank's school, a large square white house, and sent in a note which Annie had ready, to request that he might be allowed to dine at home to-day, to keep his cousin's birthday ; so after waiting about a quarter of an hour, while he dressed, they saw him coming along the paved walk that led to the gate, and then he jumped in, very much pleased to go home, and in high spirits, with a shining face, and hair brushed very smooth. He kept them laughing all the way at his stories about school adventures, and amused them so much, that they seemed to arrive in no time at his father's cottage.

Mr. Allen, who was Arthur's uncle, and the papa of

Annie, Frank, and Johnny, had a pretty cottage, standing in a large garden, with a smooth lawn, and a spreading horse-chesnut tree on it. As soon as they stopped at the gate, Annie took Arthur by the hand, and ran off with him into this pleasant garden, while Frank was patting and talking to his dog Pipy, who seemed wild with joy at seeing him. As Arthur ran across the grass, holding Annie by the hand, he saw both his uncle and aunt sitting under the horse-chesnut tree, and by them was an old lady, at the sight of whom he was very happy, for it was his dear grandmama, but he looked in vain for Johnny. He was received with joy, and all manner of good wishes and kisses, and soon seated on his grandmama's lap, who asked many questions about mama and baby.

“Why is not Johnny come?” he asked.

“We are very sorry,” said his aunt, “but you must be as happy as you can without him; and Annie and Frank must try to play very nicely with you. We expected him, but he has not come.”

As she spoke, the servants came carrying out a table and chairs, and laid the cloth under the tree, and brought out the dinner there, because the day was so warm and beautiful. Arthur thought it was very pleasant to dine in the

garden and to look up at the green leaves overhead, and afterwards to have a great plate of strawberries and cake ; and Frank seemed to enjoy himself very much, and said it was much better than school dinners.

When the strawberries were over, Arthur remembered his sack of marbles, and asked Frank to teach him to play : so they went together to a broad gravel walk, and had a game. Frank laughed at him very much for his awkwardness in playing, but took great pains to teach him, and he began to understand how to do it before they left off.

“ But you see, Frank,” he said, “ I have no one to play with me at home—baby cannot, you know.”

“ No, indeed, I should think not,” said Frank, laughing ; “ but Johnny can play pretty well, for I taught him ; and you must get together and practise.”

“ Arthur is wanted in papa’s room,” cried Annie, running to them as they were putting the marbles back into the sack ; and taking him again by the hand, she led him up stairs. Mr. Allen was very fond of music, and played well himself ; and when they went in, they saw that the table was covered with music books, and that in front of them there was a curious looking little toy.

“ Now Arthur, you are going to learn to be a musician,”

said his uncle. "Sit on your aunt's knee, and she will show you how to play on this little instrument."

So Arthur struck a good hard blow with a little stick on one of the divisions of the toy, and it gave out a musical note. The stick had a piece of cork at the end, luckily, or he might have broken it.

"But do not beat so hard!—let your aunt guide your hands;—here is another stick for the other hand. Now strike up!"

Mrs. Allen guided his hands so that he played "A little cock-sparrow at top of a tree."

"Do it again!" cried Arthur. So they did it again.

"Make it play another," he said, when that was done; "make it play nurse's song."

"But I don't know what nurse's song is," said Mrs. Allen.

"Something about marble halls," said Arthur.

His aunt laughed, and made him play "I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls."

As they finished they started at hearing an extraordinary noise. It was a loud flourish of a trumpet, followed by the long howl of a dog; and looking round, they saw it was Frank that was playing, and Pipy howling—and very loud it was. Indeed, it was because he howled so loud that he

was called the Piper, for some one said he made a noise like the bag-pipes ; and so his pet name was Pipy.

“Wait a minute for me,” cried Frank, “wait a minute!” and off he went, but soon returned with a little China man flourishing a stick, which he set on the table.

“There is the leader of the band,” he said, “and we are going to have a concert. Here puss, sit on the stool, and play the drum : Annie, you play the accordion, and Arthur the piano. I am to be trumpeter ; and Pipy, you hold my music, and sing when I bid you. Sit up, sir !”

All prepared, except poor puss, who sat very demurely, and did not take any notice of the drum having rolled away to a distance. The musicians struck up, grandmama standing with her hand up to her best ear, to hear better ; and whenever Frank wanted Pipy to sing, he put the trumpet close to his ear, which made him drop the music directly, and give his howl. At last they stopped ; but the parrot outside the window, which had screamed all the time, ended with saying in its funny voice “Poll’s the Queen’s trumpeter ! Too ! too ! too ! too ! Then the canary that hung on the wall sung its song : perhaps it had joined in the concert, only its sweet clear voice was drowned.

There was a great deal of laughing when the concert was



over; as to Frank, he had been so riotous, that his hair was all standing on end, instead of looking smooth and sleek as it did when he came out of school, and he was in such a heat, that he begged Annie and Arthur to go into the garden again with him.

They were glad to run under the shade of the tree, and began to amuse themselves with the swing, which hung from one of the long thick arms that spread out. Frank showed them how finely he could climb up the ropes like a sailor, because he had learned at school, and told Arthur that he would be able to do it too, some day when he was older. Then he sprung from the top of the swing into the tree, and began to climb it.

“Me, too! let me come up there,” cried Arthur.

“Very well,” said Frank, clambering down, and sliding down the trunk to the grass, “first let us give you a swing, and then you shall get up into the tree.”

So he and Annie gave Arthur a famous swing. He went so high that his head touched the leaves, when he went one way, and his toes when he went the other way. When he was tired of swinging, Frank brought a garden chair and mounted up on it, and made Arthur come up to him; then he showed him some pieces of wood like steps, that his

papa had had fastened to the tree, on purpose to make it easy to get up into it. With a little help, Arthur mounted these, one by one, after Frank, and when they came to the top of the trunk, where the large arms branched off, they found that a little railing had been fixed there, so as to let them sit in this delightful place quite safely among the beautiful green leaves. Annie came up after them, and there they all sat chatting very happily.

But everything must come to an end, however pleasant it may be. Four o'clock struck, and the pony carriage came round. Frank was to be set down at school, as Arthur passed, so the two boys were soon seated side by side; the nice piano was packed, and put in with them. Frank had a basket of strawberries, and a cake to take to school; Arthur had a slice, and some strawberries, too, in case he should like to eat them by the way, and they drove off, after a very happy visit,—Arthur looking back to call out, “let Johnny come and see me as soon as you can.”

HOME AGAIN.

THEY stopped at the square white house, and put Frank down, and he seemed to go back to school almost as merrily as he went home. He said it was nearly the time for afternoon play, and that they should have a capital game at trap, and all sorts of other capital games ; in short, he was a merry fellow, and contrived to be contented wherever he was.

When Arthur was left alone, he began to think of home affairs, of Smiler, the cart, the donkey, Aunt Eva, baby, and above all, his dear mama, and to long to tell her all that he had been doing, and shew her his present.

It was a very hot afternoon ; the sun beamed down on the dusty road. The fields, on each side, seemed to be steaming in the sultry air, For some time the carriage had been rolling along this dusty road, with no one in sight

but one little girl in the distance, sitting on the green bank by the side, under the hedge. Arthur had noticed her, because she was the only living thing in sight, so that when they came up to her, he looked at her, and saw that she was very pale, and looked tired. She rose at this moment, took up a large basket that was beside her, and began to limp on as if she was lame; and now they were at the foot of a long, sandy hill.

James, the groom, who was driving, stopped the pony and got out to lighten the carriage, and Arthur asked if he had not better get out too, but James said that was not at all necessary, for the pony would not mind his weight; so Arthur sat still, and began eating his strawberries, for he felt very thirsty, and sometimes handed a large one to James. Still, the little girl went limping on by the side.

“Are you very tired, little girl?” said Arthur.

“Yes, master, that I am,” said she, “and I have cut my foot on a sharp stone, so that it hurts me to walk, but mother will bind it up for me when I get home.”

“Stop the pony, James,” said Arthur.

James stopped the pony, and Arthur jumped out. “Get in little girl,” said he, “the pony does not mind having one to draw, and I like best to walk.”

The little girl looked very much surprised, but she was so thankful to be saved this long painful walk up the hill, that she did as Arthur told her, and took her seat, with her basket by her side, smiling, and saying she "did thank the young gentleman indeed." Arthur only stopped to put the strawberries and cake in her lap, and then ran on to James, and went dancing and capering up the hill by his side. Presently he looked back, and saw that the strawberries and cake still lay untouched where he had put them.

"Eat them," he said, nodding and pointing; "they are for you."

The little girl did not require another invitation; she began to eat as if she enjoyed them very much, and indeed she did, for she was very thirsty and faint. Arthur looked back now and then, and danced on again more happily than ever, when he saw her enjoying them.

At last they reached the top of the hill. "Now then," said James, "get out, please." The little girl began directly to take up her basket and prepare to obey.

"Oh! James," said Arthur, "*must* she get out? There is room for us all; do let us take her on a little farther."

"But, Master Arthur, perhaps she is not going our way,"

said James; "perhaps she is going down that lane, and besides—

"Are you going down that lane?" said Arthur.

"Why, yes, master," she answered; "that is my way home."

"Let us go down the lane and take her," said Arthur.

"How can she go all along it with her cut foot?"

"My orders were to take you home, Master Arthur," said James.

"Well, but James, mama would not mind our going that *little* out of the way, I am sure."

James thought for a minute. He had seen too much of his mistress's kindness to everybody, not to feel sure that she would like this to be done, so he asked the little girl where she lived. She told him; and when he heard, he said it was not much out of the way, and helped Arthur in, took his seat, and drove on.

After driving along the lane, they came to another road, and then to a wide common, and saw a very small cottage in one corner of it, at the edge of the wood, with a woman standing in the door-way with a baby in her arms. The little girl pointed to it, and said that was her home, and there was mother!

They crossed the common, and James stopped at the cottage. It was neat and clean, though very small, and there was a little garden behind it. "Why, Nancy!" cried the poor woman, looking quite frightened—for she thought some accident had happened to her child—"is anything the matter?"

"Only my foot cut, mother," said Nancy, clambering down and limping to her. "But the good little gentleman made me get in, and brought me home, and I was so tired and so hot, mother, and the road did seem so long."

"Why, bless his pretty heart!" said her mother, looking at Arthur as if she quite loved him.

"I should like to run in and see her little garden, James," said Arthur.

"Why, no, Master Arthur," he answered, "it is getting late, and we really must get home."

"Oh, bless him! let him come in," said the woman, "and perhaps he would like to pick some cherries off our tree."

James, however, would not stop, but as he had to turn the pony, Nancy had time to gather a handful of ripe, juicy cherries, and her mother ran after the carriage and gave them to Arthur, who found them quite refreshing, and very nice.

As they drove across the common, they saw numbers of geese, and two or three large pigs, and a cow, and some old cart horses, that kicked up as they passed as if they thought themselves very young and frisky, and made Arthur laugh. "What a number of things I shall have to tell mama!" thought he. All about Nancy and the cottage, and pretty garden and cherries, and the old capering horses, besides Frank and the music, and the tree and all that! I wonder whether Smiler's head is steady yet, and whether Mrs. Civility's nose has stuck, so that it will not drop off any more; and how baby will like the music, and whether Aunt Eva will play with me this evening; I am afraid she cannot play at marbles!"

He was full of these thoughts, when they stopped at the gate, and he found he was at home again. He ran up to his mama the moment the gate was opened, and was on her knee in a minute, trying to tell her twenty things at once, when he remembered his present, and rushed down again for it; and then the first thing to be done was to take the paper off it, and astonish her with the sight of it, and then to take the two sticks in his hands and ask her to make him play a tune, and to his great joy, she could make him play "marble halls" as well as

his Aunt Allen. Then he must run to nurse, to see if baby was awake, and have him brought in and held close by, while a tune was played, to see if he liked it; and it was certain baby liked it very much, for he gave such loud screams and shouts all the time, that you could not hear the tune at all. When music was over, Arthur went to the table to put his new present safely down, and saw that Mrs. Civility was sitting demurely, exactly as he had left her, and Smiler standing gravely in the corner. He just gave Mrs. Civility's nose a very gentle pull to see if it had stuck, and found it had; and then touched Smiler's head softly, and it did not shake at all. And now he had time to tell all his adventures to his mama. She was very sorry Johnny was not there; thought dining in the garden was very nice; laughed very much at the concert, and all Frank's funny ways, and agreed with Arthur, that sitting up in the tree must have been very delightful. He talked more about that than anything.

When he told her about the poor little girl, she said she was glad he took her home, and did not leave her to go all that long way with her lame foot. "Why, she would not have been home yet," said she, "and while we are so happy together, she would have been limping on, so tired and

thirsty, and faint with heat, and her poor mother would have been standing at the door watching for her, and very unhappy about her !”

The tears came into Arthur's eyes at the thought, and he felt very glad that he had been so lucky as to overtake her on the road, so that she was safe at home like him ; and “ I dare say, mama,” he said, “ her mother has made her foot well, and perhaps she is having her tea now.”

Just as Arthur had begun to fancy poor Nancy and her mother comfortably enjoying their tea, the door opened, and a little boy came in.

“ Johnny ! why, Johnny ! is it you ? and when did you come ?” cried Arthur and his mama at once.

They had been talking so earnestly, that they had never heard the bell, for Johnny said he came to the gate in the gig, and came in at the door, so he had not flown through the key-hole, or dropped down the chimney, as Arthur's mama said she thought he must. No, Johnny had come home only five minutes after Arthur went, and, said he “ I found Arthur was gone, so I began to cry ; and so mama said she would send me, and that if my aunt did not mind the trouble, I might stay all night.”

“ I shall be delighted to keep you,” she said, “ my dear

boy, and I am very glad my little Arthur should have such a pleasure on his birthday ; but how was it you were so late ?”

Johnny said that the train went five minutes sooner than they thought : so when they came to the station it was just starting ; and though his nurse held up her finger, and he called out as loud as he could, it was of no use, it would not stop. So they had to wait three hours for the next train, and that was how it was.

So Johnny was to stay the whole evening, and would be here to-morrow morning when Arthur awoke : it was very nice indeed ! The gig was sent back, and Johnny was comfortably settled.

“I shall leave you to play together at whatever you like,” said Arthur’s mama ; “and by-and-bye nurse will come to tell you when to get ready for tea, and you shall have tea with me and aunt Eva in the drawing-room this evening.”

She went away, and left them to enjoy an hour’s talk and play, with the thoughts of the pleasant evening before them. “Having tea with mama in the drawing-room” was one of Arthur’s great pleasures.

Of course Johnny soon heard that Arthur had a new

cart and horse, and saw the new present, and played on it, only he could not play a tune. And then he observed Mrs. Civility sitting near.

“But I wonder you should have a doll!” said he, “that is like a girl.”

“Oh! but then she is not like a girl’s doll,” said Arthur. “She sits in front of the cart, and is the carrier’s wife taking care of the parcels.”

“Let me look at the cart.”

“Here it is, and the donkey that Annie gave me can draw it. Shall we harness him?”

“I thought you had a horse. That donkey is too little.”

“Yes, to be sure, I have a horse; and to-morrow we will play with him, and he can draw the cart beautifully; but he cannot go out to-day.”

“Why not? Where is he?”

“There, in the corner. You see his head is bound up, and it might drop off, if we touched him.”

“Oh! so you have broken him already. What a pity! But he is quite mended now. Look! his head does not shake in the least when I touch him: he can go in the cart quite well.”

“No, mama said I must not play with him to-day.”

“But I want to harness him, and it could not do the least harm.”

“No, no, Johnny: I tell you it would do harm.”

“Then it’s very unkind of you, Arthur, when I want so much to play with him;” and Johnny sat down on the stool by Smiler’s side, looking very cross.

Arthur stood near, feeling very unhappy. He too wished very much to play with Smiler—and besides, he wanted to make Johnny as merry as possible, and to do every thing to please him; but then his mama had told him not to play with Smiler all day, and it was quite impossible therefore. He never had done anything that she told him decidedly he was not to do, and he could not do it now. “If only I had not gone into that passion and broken him,” thought he, “how happy I should be now.”

“Johnny,” said he at last, “you shall have my drum, and you can play with my donkey as much as you like. I have got some marbles and a humming top; or we can have a game at football, or build with the bricks.”

Johnny grew a little brighter at every fresh proposal; and by the time the bricks were mentioned, he jumped up and said he should like the bricks, the top, and the drum. So they went up together to the play cupboard, and

Johnny drummed away at a great rate all the way down stairs again, while Arthur carried the top and bricks; and then they turned them out on the floor of Aunt Eva's sitting-room, and began to build there, in hopes that she would come soon and play with them.

They piled up great square walls of the bricks, and then knocked them down again. They then built up walls only one brick thick, and tried to blow them down; but soon they began to grow tired, and thought of putting them away, when, to their joy, Aunt Eva came in.

"Have you made a bridge with your bricks?" said she.

"Oh, no: we did not know how."

"Look," said she, "in the bottom of your box: there is a paper with a print of a bridge on it that you must try to copy."

"That is lovely!" cried Arthur; "but we should never be able to do it."

"Try, however, what you can do. These pillars, you see, must be placed at equal distances, and these arches placed on the top of them."

"Oh, it begins to look right already," said Johnny.

"You see the smallest bricks on the print are marked 1, the next size 2, the next 3, and so on; and when you

see the number on the print, you must find the right size to build with. At the top of your arches you must lay some large bricks, because they are marked 4. Find the size that is four times as large as these little ones."

"Suppose we sort all the bricks into heaps of different sizes," said Arthur.

"Yes, that would be a good plan, then build the bridge; and tell me when it is done, that I may look at it."

Aunt Eva then sat down with a book, and the two boys worked away for some time, till they had arranged their bricks in several different heaps; and then they began the bridge. Aunt Eva, however, soon felt Arthur touching her hand to make her attend to him.

"Do come and help us," he said, "if you will be so very kind. We can put the arches, but the bricks will tumble down; and it has all fallen in three times."

"Very well," said she, "I will build, if you will bring me bricks. Now then, I am a master workman, and you are two Irish labourers. I want three 4's—quick! Now four 1's—now five 2's—make haste!"

She kept them hard at work: they had to run backwards and forwards to their heaps; and if they were too long in finding what she wanted, or brought wrong ones, she

always pretended to be in a great passion, and to scold very much; and then they laughed. But at last she finished, and there stood a beautiful bridge with five arches.

“Wait a minute,” said Arthur, “I will be back directly—I know something that will look so pretty.”

He ran upstairs and presently returned with his Noah’s ark, and began to place the animals on the bridge as if they were crossing it in a long procession. There went the lions, tigers, deer, dogs, cats, cows, horses, pigs, cocks and hens, ducks and geese, and the elephant, and the grasshopper after all. Johnny was very much pleased at the sight, and so was Aunt Eva, who had returned to her book. But presently she was roused by a great crash; the bridge had broken down, and all the animals were scattered in confusion.

“Oh! what a pity!”—“Oh! Johnny!”—“Oh! Arthur!” “How pretty it looked!” All these exclamations followed.

“Was it the weight of the elephant that broke it down?” asked Aunt Eva, running to them. “I trust he is not injured, and that none of the other animals have broken their legs or tails.”

“It was the grasshopper that came last,” said Arthur.

But none were hurt at all ; and Aunt Eva was entreated to build the bridge again.

“ Suppose we build something else ! Here is a print of a fine castle—let us build that. Now, are you ready, labourers ? Arthur, you shall be called Pat ; and Johnny shall be Teddy. Now, Pat, six 4’s for the foundation—Teddy, four of the highest pillars for this arch.”

They worked away ; and if Pat and Teddy grew idle, the master scolded, and sometimes ran after them, laid them flat on the floor, and gave them a great tickling, so that they were not very quiet over their work. But the castle rose and rose, and looked very beautiful, and was finished at last.

“ Where is the knight that lives at the castle ?” said aunt Eva : “ he ought to come and ride under the arch. Let me see if I can find out where he is, and tell him to come.”

So she opened a little box, and took out a little knight on horseback.

“ Why,” said Arthur, “ that is my knight that I broke when you were here last !”

“ And I have mended him for you. Now see how proudly he rides into his castle.”

“ Oh ! mama, do come and see our castle and knight !”

cried Arthur from the window to his mama, who was walking in the garden, "come and see how beautiful it is!"

She came up and admired it very much, and stayed some time looking at it. At last, Johnny thought it would look funny to have a cat looking out of one of the windows, and a crow perched at the top; so he went behind the castle to put them in their places, but unluckily he stumbled over the box, fell forwards, and knocked the castle to pieces. He was so vexed that he began to cry, and Arthur stood staring in dismay.

"Never mind," cried Aunt Eva; "let us play at something else. I will be a hen, with two chickens, and we are going to the fields to pick up barleycorns; keep close behind; if you stray about, chicks, I may lose you, and then who knows what may happen! A fox may run away with you, or you may drown yourselves in the pond, or something else that is bad. Now then, cluck, cluck, cluck!"

So Aunt Eva went round the room, making a noise like a hen, and they followed laughing behind her.

"What silly, noisy chicks mine are!" she said. "Be quiet, directly, I shall have to turn back and peck you." They only laughed the more.

Presently, Arthur beckoned Johnny to hide behind the



curtains, but the hen went on clucking just as if they were still behind her; at last she turned round. "Where are my chicks?" she cried; "where can they be? She had a long search for them. She looked under the sofas and chairs; peeped into all the corners, and at last she thought of the curtains. Out they rushed, screaming; after them she ran; "naughty chickens! I shall catch you at last!" she cried; and so at last she did, first one, and then the other, and carried them off to the arm chair, which she called the hen-house, kicking and shrieking, and laughing. They made such a noise, that they did not hear nurse come in, till she went close up to them and caught up Arthur to carry him off to get ready for tea,

"Good bye; go away chickens, both of you," said Aunt Eva, "and leave me in quiet;" and she sat down again to read.

"Bo!" cried Arthur in her ear, from behind the curtain.

"Ah! there you are still. I shall catch you again," she said, and ran after him all the way to the nursery.

A HAPPY EVENING.

WHEN Arthur and Johnny went down into the drawing-room, with clean hands and faces, and well-brushed hair, there was the round table set out for tea, near the window that opened into the beautiful garden, and the urn was hissing and bubbling, and the cups filled with nice tea, and besides the plates of bread and butter, there were large dishes of strawberries and cherries, and a large round cake. They were both very hungry, for it was a long time since dinner, so they sat down with mama and Aunt Eva and enjoyed these good things very much.

Arthur was seated between his mama and Johnny, and he felt so happy when he looked from one to the other, that he could hardly sit still on his chair; indeed he did once get up and dance round the table, but went back to

his seat directly, because nurse had told him he must behave very well in the drawing-room at tea.

When they had eaten enough to forget all about their hunger, there was plenty of chatting round this pleasant table, and Johnny had to tell how he had been going on at the house where he had been visiting, and what they played at there.

“Fred and Charles, you know Arthur,” said he, “are quite old: Fred is twelve, and Charles ten; so it was Edward and Lucy that played with me, but Fred and Charles are very kind. Do you know, they have carpenter’s tools, and can make such nice things!”

“Can they? What can they make?”

“They made a pretty little doll’s bed for Lucy. They got a square piece of wood, and put a piece of stick at each corner, so as to make both the legs and the posts all in one. Then they made a rail at the top, with four more sticks fastened at the corners to the posts. Oh! it looked just like a bedstead.”

“I should like to have carpenter’s tools, and make things,” said Arthur.

“You are too young yet,” said his mama; “but when you are as old as Fred or Charles, we must ask papa to get you some, and I think he will.”

“But has Lucy got any bed-clothes?”

“Oh, yes—at least she has got a mattrass and pillow stuffed with sawdust, and she is going to make sheets and blankets; and then her little wax doll can sleep in the bed.”

“Tell me some more things about them,” said Arthur.

“They made me a wheelbarrow—such a nice one! It goes beautifully; for they found an old wheel for it, and made the rest.”

“And have you brought it home?”

“Yes,” Johnny said, “it is at home.”

Arthur declared he wanted to see it very much; so his mama said that she thought he might go home with Johnny next day, and stay for an hour or two, and see the wheelbarrow and all Johnny’s new things. This plan pleased them both; but Johnny said he hoped they should have time to play at carrier before he went, and that Arthur would take Smiler out of his corner then.

Arthur’s mama said Smiler’s head was already nearly firm, and that she had taken him upstairs, and put him on the sofa in her dressing-room, because she feared some one might disturb him in his corner; and that he would be quite able to go out in the cart in the morning, which made Arthur feel very glad.

"We had a cart that Edward and I used to play with," said Johnny, but it was not so good as yours: it was an old thing made of basket-work, and had been broken; but Fred stuck it on a stand with wheels that had once had a pig going to market on it, with a man behind him. We used to drag this cart about filled with bundles of firewood."

"How did you get the firewood?"

"Why Fred and Charles chipped a great many pieces of wood off when they were carpentering; so we used to get Lucy to cut them into short pieces with her little knife, and then we tied them into bundles, and called them firewood, and went about selling them."

"Oh! let us make some bundles," said Arthur.

"But it would never do for you two little fellows to cut up sticks with a knife," said Aunt Eva: "you would certainly cut off the ends of your fingers."

"Suppose we were to pick up the little bits of wood under the trees," said Arthur, "and tie them up: they will break quite easily, you know."

"So we can," said Johnny; "they will do very well."

"And does Fred ever dress up now?" asked Aunt Eva.

"Dress up? No, I don't think he does," replied Johnny.

"Did he ever dress up?" said Arthur.

"Oh yes, he did. He was such a very funny boy. When he was quite young he did a great number of odd things."

"Do tell us some."

"Once," said Aunt Eva, "I was sitting at work in the garden at home, and I fancied now and then that I heard some one rattling at the gate. At last I went to see what it was. When I opened the gate, I saw a footman's hat with gold lace on it, standing about the height of my knee, propped up on a blue frock. I could see neither head nor face, for this hat quite covered both, and rested on the shoulders of the little body in the blue frock; but as I looked at it, I thought I knew it, I lifted up the hat, and there was Fred."

"How ridiculous he must have looked," said Johnny.

"How old was he then?" asked Arthur.

"He was not quite three; and the odd thing was, that he had walked all the way from home to our house, dressed in this funny way. It was about half a mile, but it was a very quiet road, so perhaps no one met him."

"But what made him do it? What did he say?"

"He said he did it for fun, but as I felt that his mama was very likely frightened about him, I put on my bonnet and led him home."

“ Did you take him in the hat ?” asked Arthur.

“ No !” said she, laughing, “ I borrowed a cap for him from a little boy who was visiting at our house. I was very glad I did take him, for his mama had missed him, and they had searched the garden, and lanes and fields all round about, and the footman was trying, when we arrived, to find his hat to come and ask us about him, and could not think what had become of it.”

“ But tell us something about his dressing up now he is older,” said Johnny.

“ Last summer there were several children visiting at the house, and there used to be quite a large party at the one o’clock dinner. One day, when all the rest had assembled, Fred was missing. The dinner bell was rung again ; they ran about seeking him, all was in vain. Dinner went on and was finished, and still no Fred.”

“ Had he put on the footman’s hat again ?” said Arthur.

“ His mama remembered that too, but this time no hat was carried away. They thought he had gone out fishing or riding, but his fishing-rod was in its place, and his pony in the field. Well, the others began their usual games after dinner, always expecting to see him coming ; as to me I went into the wood to look for him, for I could not help

being a little uneasy. I wandered about there without finding him; but just as I was walking away in despair, I looked back, and saw the strangest figure."

"Oh! I suppose that was Fred," said Johnny; "what had he put on now?"

"The figure I saw was a boy with a very brown face, black eye-brows, and moustachios; but I soon found out that it was Fred. He had on a broad-brimmed straw hat stuck round with fern leaves and peacock's feathers. His jacket was turned inside out, and every button-hole had a large bunch of green leaves in it; round his waist was a thick wreath of oak leaves, and his trowsers were laced up with green rushes. His shoes, too—I must not forget them—had large bunches of red berries in them; and there he stood, looking as grave as possible, and staring at me: he was close to me, as if he had been following me."

"How I should have liked to see him!" said Arthur.

"But how did he make his face brown?" asked Johnny.

"He stained it with walnut-juice, and it was a long time before he could wash it off again. As to the eye-brows and moustachios, they were made with burnt cork."

"Then did the others find him,—and what did they say?" asked Johnny.

“He went on so funnily with them. He said to me “Don’t say you found me,” and then hid himself in a thick bush near the river; and there he stayed while they brought out the boat, and prepared to go in it to a little island to have tea.”

“We went to the island in the boat and had tea,” said Johnny, “while I was there.”

“They often called and shouted his name, for they wanted him to row; but he never stirred nor answered. At last they all went away to bring the tea-things, and cloaks and bonnets; and then he came out, and seated himself in the boat, with an oar in each hand. So when they came, there sat this strange figure, looking just as grave as he did to me, and bowing to them as they came; and the more they laughed, the graver he looked. He rowed them to the island, and ate a most wonderful quantity of bread and butter at tea, to make up for having had no dinner. After tea he took several of the youngest away and dressed them up with oak leaves, and then danced a strange dance with all of them.”

“I wish he would do such things now,” said Johnny; “but you see he goes to school, and is grown quite old and clever—so he does not.”

“Now tea is over, so let us have a game at marbles,” cried Arthur; and they ran off together into the garden, and were soon deeply engaged in the game. Presently nurse came to say that a young lad at the gate wanted to speak with Master Arthur. They both went therefore to see who it could be, and found a boy standing there holding a donkey by the bridle. It was a nice looking donkey, with a white nose, and black tips to his long ears; and there he stood looking grave and quiet at the gate.

The boy pulled his hair, which was his way of making a bow, and said—

“Please, sir, mother thought she knew you when you brought Nancy home this morning.”

“Oh! then you are Nancy’s brother,” said Arthur.

“Yes, sir, I am; and please, sir, mother thought you would like to have a little ride on our donkey. He was out fetching faggots out of the wood when you were at our cottage to-day; but he has not had a hard day’s work, and can carry you very well, and the other young gentleman too, if you will please to try him. Mother borrowed farmer Jones’s saddle, in hopes you would; and I can run behind and make him go on.”

Arthur only waited to say “Thank you,” and then ran

to his mama and asked her if they might ride on the donkey that the kind boy had brought. His mama went to the gate herself, that she might understand how it all was ; and when she had talked to the boy a little, and thanked him for coming, she gave them leave to ride up and down in front of the gate for a little while.

They mounted, first one and then the other, and trotted and sometimes cantered, and enjoyed it very much indeed ; and the boy ran by the side, and took great care of them.

“I wish you would tell me what your name is,” said Arthur, as he trotted on ; “because I want to ask you something.”

“My name is Dick Stubbs,” said he.

“Well then, Dick Stubbs,” said Arthur, “would you like a piece of cake ?”

Dick gave a sort of laugh and said “To be sure, master, I should like it well.”

So Arthur slipped off and told Johnny to get on, and ran in. Presently he returned with nurse, who carried a tray on which was a large bowl of milk, some bread and butter, and cake, and strawberries : Arthur remembered that Dick had cherries at home. Nurse set the tray down on an old tree trunk inside the gate, and told him to sit on the

grass, and eat and drink : so Dick sat down, and seemed to enjoy his supper very much.

Meanwhile nurse attended to the donkey, but he did not go on so well : as soon as he found that his master was no longer at his heels, he stopped and stood quite still ; and all nurse could do he would not move. Arthur kicked his sides with his heels, and gave him taps with a stick, but it was all of no use. They were obliged to call out for Dick.

When Dick saw what had happened, he ran to the gate and called out something that made the donkey move in a moment ; he only cried "Gaw up," and on went the lazy fellow. But he only went a very little way, and then stopped again, till Dick came out and cried "Gaw up." Arthur and Johnny both tried to say it like him, but could not make him move.

Dick, however, managed to enjoy his supper between each time that the donkey stopped ; and at last the little naughty fellow began to understand that he must be obedient, so he went on without stopping for at least five minutes.

"Has not this donkey a name?" asked Arthur : "mine is called Jonathan."

"He is named Neddy, master," said Dick, looking up from his supper.

“Do let us go along the green lane with him, nurse,” said Arthur: “he goes so well now, I am sure we might.”

This green lane had a hedge at each side, and Arthur liked it because there was a pond at the other end with a number of ducks in it; and so they set off towards it. Dick called out to them as they started, that Neddy could carry double very well; so nurse put Arthur up behind Johnny, and away they went. Neddy was very good indeed—he went on without once stopping, till they were in sight of the pond; but there he stood quite still, and nothing could make him move. Nurse called out “Gaw up,” but it was not at all like Dick—or at least Neddy did not think it was, for he did not mind it in the least. Johnny gave him a kick, then Arthur gave him a kick—all was in vain: he only pointed his long ears forward, and kept his feet firm in the grass.

“Come on, sir,” said nurse.

“Gee up,” cried Arthur; “perhaps he knows ‘gee up.’”

“Gaw up,” cried Johnny, so like Dick that Neddy turned one ear back and shook his head, but did not move.

“Go and cut a stick out of the hedge, nurse,” said Arthur.

Nurse went and tried what she could do, but she had no

knife. She scratched her hands and tore her apron, and at last she gave it up; and all the time she was trying, the two boys sat laughing on Neddy, and Neddy kept looking at her out of the eye that was on the side of his head next her, and moving his ears first forwards—then to one side—then to the other. Johnny now got off, and began to try to break off a stick. He at last succeeded in getting a little swish, and with this he ran up to Neddy, and began to whip him; but the little swish did not go through Neddy's long hair—he did not even feel it, except once that he gave his tail a flourish, and knocked it out of Johnny's hand: most likely he thought it was a fly.

“I must go back and call the young lad,” said nurse. “I wish we had not come into this lane. Suppose the tiresome beast chooses to set off with you just as I have gone out of sight, and carry you both nobody knows where. I am afraid to leave you; what shall I do? Go on, you ugly fellow, do!”

Then nurse tried to pull him on, but it was of no use, he only stretched out his neck, and poked out his nose as far as possible.

“Let me get down,” said Arthur, “and run back for Dick, and you can stay with Johnny, nurse.”

“Take care then, Master Arthur, how you go,” said she.
“Do not tumble down, nor get into danger.”

Arthur let go his hold of Johnny's waist, and was in the act of slipping down, when an extraordinary shout from Dick behind the hedge, made Neddy start on at a brisk trot, and Arthur tumble off and roll over and over in the grass; but he jumped up in a minute, and saw Dick standing by his side, looking quite troubled, while nurse was holding up her hands and screaming out.

“Don't be frightened, nurse! Never mind, Dick,” he cried, “you didn't mean to make me tumble off. I have not hurt my leg, only I am rubbing it, because it got rather a thump, but it is better now.”

“Well, I am glad you are not hurt, master, I only stole behind the hedge to see what he was a doing on,” said Dick; “but, oh dear! look where he has got to now!”

They looked in the direction that Dick pointed, and saw Neddy standing in the pond up to his knees, while poor Johnny was clasping him tight round the neck, and calling out for nurse to come and help him.

Dick ran on with all his might, waded into the pond, and led him out quite safely.

“If you will get up again, master,” said he, “I will

run by the side and give you a nice ride You see, master," he went on, as he helped Arthur up, "he is really very good, though perhaps you don't think so; but he would not have gone into the pond, only I always let him go into one in the wood when we are at work. He minds every word I say, and I never have to beat him, except very seldom. But he is not used to this kind of work, you see, and besides he thinks he ought to be at home now, I dare say; but never mind, have another ride or two. He has had a very short day in the wood, and is not tired."

They trotted along very pleasantly; but Arthur had not forgotten what Dick said about poor Neddy: so when they reached the gate he got off, and told Johnny he had better get off too, and let the poor fellow eat some of the nice grass by the gate, which he began to do very diligently.

"Have you finished your supper, Dick?" Arthur asked.

"Why no, master, I have not: I have still a piece of cake and some milk here."

"Then sit down again, and I shall soon be back," said Arthur; and he ran towards the stable, and presently returned carrying a sieve with some corn in it, which he held close to Neddy's nose; and no sooner did he smell it

than he left off his grass and began to munch it, and never stopped till every morsel had disappeared.

When he had finished, both Arthur and Johnny thought it quite right that he should give them another ride ; and Johnny said he was sure he could make him go, if nurse would not come behind, and that if she and Arthur would stay by the gate, he would ride to the mile stone and back. So off he went ; and this time the donkey really did not stop, but trotted on, and presently cantered. Johnny looked back and flourished his stick, as much as to say, "See, how I can make him go."

But when he reached the milestone, they saw Johnny trying to make him turn, but he could not make him, all he could do ; instead of turning, he cantered faster and faster, and was soon out of sight.

"Dick ! Dick !" cried Arthur ; "come ! Johnny is gone ! the donkey has galloped away with him."

Out came Dick, with his last slice of cake in his hand, and looked along the road, but the moment he saw which way the donkey had gone, he put the cake in his pocket, and calling out "he's taken the road home," rushed after him.

Dick was soon out of sight too ; nurse and Arthur ran after him a long way, but never caught a glimpse of either

him or the donkey. At last they saw a little boy at a distance, running towards them, and when they came near they found it was Johnny.

“Where’s Neddy, Johnny?” cried Arthur.

“I tumbled off,” answered Johnny; “but he went galloping on all the same, and I met Dick running after him, but I don’t believe he will be able to catch him.”

Johnny was not at all hurt; so they all walked back to the gate together, and sat down there watching for Dick and Neddy. It was all in vain, however; they never came back; so they supposed the naughty donkey had galloped the whole way home, and poor Dick had had to follow him.

Nurse now said it was bed time, and Johnny was so sleepy after his journey, and his long ride, that he seemed quite ready. They were glad to find that Dick had managed to clear his plates, and drink all his milk. They had had a very pleasant ride after all, and they hoped Dick would soon be home and go to bed too.

“I am to get up at five o’clock to see the cows milked; will you come, Johnny,” said Arthur to him, as he went up stairs.

“Oh yes, mind you call me.”



“Come in to mama, and bid her good night, little gentleman,” said nurse, catching Arthur up in her arms. “You’re a good boy, and I love you dearly, though I did say you were naughty this morning.”

Arthur gave nurse a kiss, and then they went into his mama’s rooms.

“Would my little Arthur like me to wash him to-night,” said his mama, as she kissed him ; because it is his birthday.”

“Oh yes, dear mama,” he said joyfully.

“Wait a little while then ; baby will soon be asleep, and when I have put him into his cradle, I will take you to bed.”

“May I go up with Johnny ?” he said, “and help him into bed before I go ?”

“You may if you wish it,” she replied ; “then tell me when he is quietly settled, and I will come to you. Open the door very softly, that you may not awake baby.”



PEACEFUL SLEEP.

ARTHUR and Johnny went up together. Johnny slept in a little room that looked over the garden and the fields beyond. The sky was still bright with the setting sun, and the window was wide open, and it was so warm that they did not shut it.

“So you keep your kite up here, Arthur, I see,” said Johnny, “what a nice one it is! Let us fly it to-morrow.”

“So we will. You know we are to get up at five, and after breakfast we can go into the field and play with the kite.”

“Let us take it down and look at it now,” said Johnny, who seemed to have forgotten he was sleepy.

So they mounted on a chair to take it down; and first Arthur carefully moved the fine large tassel made of white

paper, beautifully cut and curled, off a nail to which it was hung—

“Oh, Johnny, what was that!” he exclaimed, starting, and jumping down.

“What’s the matter? What did you feel?” cried Johnny, rather frightened.

“Something came bounce against my face,” said Arthur.

“Look! there it goes! It is some curious sort of bird,” said Johnny.

“How it goes on flying round and round the room, and does not make the least noise,” said Arthur. “It does not go on at all like a bird. A swallow that got in one evening, made such a sound and bustle with its wings, and chirped every now and then as if it was in a fright.”

“Look, how it is clinging to the ceiling!” cried Johnny. “It has got a head like a mouse. How ugly it is! Perhaps it will bite us!”

“Let us go and find Aunt Eva,” said Arthur.

“They began to run down stairs, but soon met Aunt Eva, who went back with them to find out what this strange creature was. As they opened the door, it flew down from the ceiling, and skimmed round and round the room, with its dark wings spread out, but still without

making any sound, and at last settled at the top of the bed.

“There it goes, Aunt Eva! You cannot see what it is like now; but it is very ugly when it is quiet.”

“It is a poor little bat,” said she. “Bats are something between mice and birds: they have heads and bodies, and four legs, like mice—but they have wings like birds; and if you look at their wings a little nearer, you would see that they are not ugly at all, but very beautiful. I will try to catch it for you, if I can without hurting it, and shew it to you before I let it fly.”

“Take care it does not bite you,” cried Johnny.

“Oh, it is quite harmless, poor little thing,” said she; “I am not afraid of its hurting me, I am only afraid of my hurting its delicate wings. Shut the window, or perhaps it will find its way out.”

When the window was shut Aunt Eva got on a chair, and very gently raised her hand towards the bat; but it took fright, and away it flew again, round and round over their heads, and at last settled again on the tassel of the kite.

“Now I shall try again,” she said. So she mounted on a chair once more; and this time she succeeded, and brought the bat down carefully held in both hands. The

two boys drew near to peep at it: they saw its curious wings, its very small eyes, its pointed ears, and touched its soft downy hair with the tips of their fingers.

"I hope I have not hurt it at all," said Aunt Eva, when they had examined it thoroughly. "Now let us allow the poor fellow to fly away."

"But I should think," said Arthur, "that he wants to go to bed now, instead of flying—it is almost night. Suppose we let him stay in the room till morning."

"Ah! but bats fly in the night: they skim about in the moonlight, when all the little birds have gone to sleep."

"Keep him a little longer, though, Aunt Eva, if you do not think he minds very much."

"Very well, I will keep him a few minutes longer. There are birds that are awake and fly in the night too—do you know what they are?"

"I know!" cried Arthur: "you mean owls."

"Yes, and they are like bats in flying silently. Their large wings make no sound at all; but they give a strange wild cry, and a curious quick hooting too."

"I should like to hear them," said Johnny.

"I do not think there are any near this house. Owls like to live in solitary places: an old church tower, or the

ivy on a half-ruined wall, or the hollow of a dead tree. This place is too light and cheerful for such wise old gentlemen and ladies as they are. I will teach you an old song about owls and bats, and other creatures that like darkness.

“The owl is abroad,
The bat and the toad.
And so is the cat-a-mountain;
The ant and the mole
Sit both in a hole,
And the frog peeps out of the fountain.”

“Oh! what a delightful song!” cried Arthur: “let us sing too.” So they all three sang it together; and the two boys laughed and clapped their hands, and Arthur acted a mole sitting in a hole, and Johnny was a frog peeping out of a fountain. Then they wondered what a cat-a-mountain meant; and Aunt Eva supposed it was a wild cat—or who knows but that it means a tiger or lion, who roam in the night, and sleep all day. And now they thought of the bat again. “Then this poor bat wants to go and fly about merrily in the moonlight.”

“Yes; and in the morning, before the bright sun rises, he will find some quiet dark corner by the rafters of a barn, or under the branch of a tree, or in a hole in the wall; and

there he will hang himself up by the long claws of his hind legs, and go fast asleep till evening; and when evening comes, he will open his little eyes, stretch his dark wings, unhook his legs, and away he will go to wheel round in the quiet night with his companions."

"Do you think there are many flying about?"

"I think there are. Shall I let him go?"

"Just let me have one more peep at him. I don't think he is ugly—do you, Johnny?"

"No, I really don't think he is."

"When people learn to examine creatures, and to understand them, they find that nothing is ugly," said Aunt Eva.

"Every creature is made in the way to suit his habits best. Pretty little birds, that like to fly in the sunshine and to sleep all night in green trees, would think it very hard if you made them go to bed all day in the hole of a wall, hung up by one leg, and then woke them up and made them fly about in the dark cold night."

"Yes indeed, I think they would," said Arthur.

"But there was room in holes of walls, and enjoyment in dark night air for some creatures; so bats were made, with their soft fur and curious wings, and sharp ears, with which they hear so quickly, that they scarcely require eyes, and

they like dark holes and night. The great God who made every creature, made each well suited to the life it was to lead, for He loves all that He has made."

"Now let him fly!"

So they went to the window and opened it, and Aunt Eva removed her hand that had been placed before lightly on the other, and so had kept the bat in a little box, and away it flew into the evening air. They watched it, to see if it would join its companions, but it flew quite out of sight.

"I wish we could see them all flying about together," said Arthur.

"I think I know where they fly. It is in the shady walk near the river. If you are not too tired, and if mama does not object, I would take you there for a few minutes to see them."

Arthur ran to ask his mama's permission to go there, and came back saying that she would like them to go, because it was such a fine evening, so they went down stairs, and out towards the river, each holding Aunt Eva by the hand.

She stopped presently, and held up her finger. "Hark!" said she, "we forgot one night bird, and the most beautiful of all."

It was a nightingale she had heard, who was pouring out his clear song from a beech tree near. They stopped, and took care only to whisper, that they might hear him ; and when they reached the shady walk by the river, they heard him still, and they soon saw numbers of bats flitting about, wheeling round, and often coming very near them, but then darting off again ; and while they watched them, they saw that the stars were coming out one by one, and peeping through the leaves. Then Aunt Eva led them home.

“I think baby must be asleep by this time,” said Arthur.

“And I am sure Johnny’s eyes look as if he ought to be asleep too,” said Aunt Eva. “I will go and help him into bed, and you should go to mama directly.”

So they bid each other good night, and Arthur went to his mama, but baby was still awake.

Arthur liked very much to see his mama put him to sleep. He watched the eyelids drooping slowly over the bright eyes, and knelt down by the cradle when his mama gently placed baby in it, and there he remained when she went out of the room for a little while. He made no noise ; he was as quiet as a mouse, so it was not his fault that baby awoke again. But baby did awake, and looked at him,

and held out his hands to him, and began to say "goo, goo," as if he wanted to talk to him about something.

So Arthur sat down by the cradle and rocked it, and sung a little song that he made at the moment. It was—

"Bye bye, baby, dear,
Little brother, I am here;
Bye bye, baby, dear."

What a difference, between the angry Arthur of the morning, frowning and stamping, and the dear little boy rocking the cradle for his baby brother at night!

Baby went on "goo-gooing" for a time, but at last the eyelids began once more to droop, then quite closed, and he was again asleep. Then Arthur stopped his song, and softly moved his hand from the cradle, and as he did so, he felt his mama's arms clasped round him, and she whispered in his ear, "My own dear boy."

Arthur clung round her neck, and as he kissed her, he felt that her cheek was wet with tears, and something in his heart told him why.

"Mama," he said, "make me good, that I may never behave so again!"

His mama took him gently by the hand, and led him to

his own room, and pointed to a picture she had hung on the wall, and said to him—

“That is Jesus Christ. It is He, my dear child, that can make you good. It is He only that can lead you to know God your Father, and to love and serve that great Father, who loves all his children more than you can imagine, or I can tell.”

“Tell me more about Jesus Christ now, mama.”

“Do you remember when, last month, you and papa and I travelled among the beautiful Cheviot Hills, and saw the shepherds driving their sheep and lambs, so gently to the green pastures by the side of the clear rivers?”

“Yes, I remember we said they seemed so kind to their little sheep and lambs; they did not frighten them or hurry them, but went on slowly, and the sheep cropped the grass by the way, and the lambs frisked about.”

“Well, Jesus Christ said that he was like a shepherd, and all the people in the world, the sheep; and He leads us on so gently—oh so gently and kindly!”

“And the little children are his lambs?”

“Yes, He loved little children. In the picture, you see, He is surrounded by them. Their mothers brought them to Him, that He might lay his hands on them and bless

them; but his disciples, who loved Him and honoured Him very much, and whom He taught continually, thought He was too great and too wise to be troubled with little children, so they wanted to send the mothers away. But do you know what Jesus said? He said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. He took them up in his arms, put his hands on them and blessed them."

"Do you think, Arthur, that one of those little children who had been in his arms, and had looked up in his face and seen his eyes full of gentleness and love, and heard His tender voice blessing them, could ever be unkind and passionate any more?"

"Oh no, mama!"

"We cannot see Him now, because He has left this world and gone up to heaven; but there He sees us, and cares for us, and leads us like a good shepherd. Do you not wish to be like one of the little children that He took in His arms and blessed?"

"Yes, dear mama."

"Then, whenever you feel as if you were going to be passionate, think within yourself, 'my mama longs to take me to Jesus Christ, that He may lift me up in his arms, and

bless me;' and then you will try, I know, to be like one of those gentle, loving children, and He will help you, and lead you on to know and to serve your Father in heaven."

Arthur looked at the picture a good while, and said he would try to think of it very often. Then he asked several questions about it. He thought the little child that Christ had in his arms had eyes like baby; and he asked about the disciples, and his mama told him that they learned of Christ to be humble and loving too, and taught people to be kind and to help and love one another.

"And now my little Arthur must go to bed, his eyes are growing heavy, and he must be undressed and washed. I know who is thinking of his dear boy now."

"Papa! yes, I know you mean poor papa that is far away. I should like the cart brought up, please mama. Ah! I see Smiler lying on the chair."

"Yes, he will be quite well by morning, and can go his rounds after the cows are milked. Now for the nice refreshing water!"

Arthur jumped into his bath, and his mama washed him and dried him, and put on his nightgown; and then he kneeled on his little bed and joined his hands, and she

took them within hers, and he said his prayer to his Father in heaven.

Then Arthur kissed his mama, and said "Good night, dear mama," "Good night, dear papa;" and she put her arms round him, and told him to lie down in his little bed and sleep peacefully.

"Come back and give me a kiss again before you go to bed, dear mama."

"Yes, my darling, I will not forget."



NIGHT.

CALM, peaceful night had fallen over the world when Arthur's mama came back as she had promised him. The golden light of sunset had long faded away : the pale moon had risen, and thousands of glittering stars covered the dark blue sky.

There was no sound in Arthur's room but his soft regular breathing ; and this time his mama did not wish to awake him. She wished him to sleep that he might rise refreshed in the morning.

The birds were all asleep ; the little flowers had closed their pretty cups and bells ; the sheep were in the fold, and the cattle lay at rest in the fields, and Arthur must sleep too.

She walked in gently, and went to the wall and hung up some new pictures for him to see in the morning ; for

she knew how he liked to have new pictures, and to look at them and hear her tell him the stories of them. Then she came near, and saw that before he went to sleep he had placed Smiler at the foot of his bed, with the wounded neck carefully covered with the clothes, and that the cart stood by the side; and that he had the donkey in his hand. Aunt Eva came and looked at him too; and as his mama leaned over him with her heart full of love, and looked back upon his day of pleasure, mixed with some pain—as all our days of pleasure must be—she hoped it had been a day that would leave a good influence behind.

THE END.



Me
down

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

